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CENTVRY OPERA COMPANY

Correct ENGLISH GRAND OPERA LIBRETTO WITH MVSIC

THE TALES OF HOFFMANN

BY

OFFENBACH

ENGLISH VERSION BY CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH

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CENTVRY PVBLISHING COMPANY
15 WEST 62ND STREET, NEW YORK

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FACULTY
of MUSIC

UNIVERSITY
OF TORONTO

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NEW VERSION

— OF —

The Tales of Hoffmann

As played by the

Aborn Opera Company

DIRECTION

MILTON and SARGENT ABORN

BOOK BY
JULES BARBIER

MUSIC BY
J. OFFENBACH

NEW ENGLISH VERSION BY
CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

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ARGUMENT

PROLOGUE

shows us Luther's tavern. The jolly group of carousers are joined by young Hoffmann, the poet, and his chum Nicklausse. Hoffmann is downcast. He seeks solace in the cup. The revelers chaff him about his gloom. He must be in love. He makes a bold effort to assume a brave air, and sings a merry song about a dwarf named Kleinzach. Rallied again he is forced to admit that his amorous adventures have been ill-fated, and he consents to tell the stories of his three luckless loves.

ACT I.

Gives a touch of tragedy to the opera in contrast with the foregoing. The scene is a modest German home. Antonia a young singer is marked as a victim of consumption. She loves to sing, but her father Crespel has forbidden her. Hoffmann, who loves her knows not the secret reason until he overhears a conversation between Crespel and a sinister person named Dr. Miracle, whereupon he too begs her not to sing, but save herself. The diabolical Miracle dissuades her from her promise to her father and lover, and Svengali-like urges her on, conjuring up the ghost of her mother to aid him in his evil purpose. The result is that Antonia sings herself to death to the infernal delight of Dr. Miracle and overwhelming grief of her father and Hoffmann.

ACT II.

Brings our hero to Venice. This scene shows the home of Giulietta. Her patron Schlemil regards Hoffmann's introduction with jealousy. Although indifferent to her at first he allows himself to yield to her fascination, as she has been bribed by Dapertutto to make Hoffmann believe he is the long sought object of her affection. As a test of his love he must get the key of her room from Schlemil, she tells him. He makes the demand, a duel ensues and Schlemil is killed. Hoffmann gets the key but when he reaches Giulietta's apartment it is only to find that she fled in a gondola with another man whom she really wants.

ACT III.

Accounts Hoffmann's first love affair. A brilliant company gathers to see the accomplishments of Spalanzani's Olympia. Everybody but Hoffmann who is deceived by a pair of magic glasses furnished by Dr. Coppelius, knows that Olympia is a mechanical doll, the invention of the host. Hoffmann, however, falls in love with and makes passionate appeals to her. He eagerly accepts an invitation to dance with her, which results in her waltzing with him to the point of exhaustion. Enters then Dr. Coppelius, who quarrels with Spalanzani, whom he charges with cheating him. Failing to get redress, Coppelius rushes into Olympia's room and smashes the doll. Hoffmann is at last undeceived to the amusement of the company, and his chagrin.

THE EPILOGUE

brings us back to the tavern and shows us Hoffmann's companions listening to the conclusion of his three tales. His amorous adventures are over. He will henceforth dedicate himself to the only love that he can feel is constant and true—the Muse of Poetry.

PROLOGUE.

(Luther's Tavern. Night. The moonlight shines on to the stage).

INTRODUCTION.

(Nathanael, Hermann and Students entering gaily).

CHORUS.

Drig, drig, drig, drig, drig, Master Luther!
Appear! Appear!
Bring on your wine,
Bring on your beer,
Fill up the glass,
Fill up the glass,
We'll drink till morning!
Fill up the glass,
Too soon the night will pass!
We'll drink till morning,
We'll clink and drink till morning.
Fill up the glass,
We'll clink and drink and drink,
Until the dawn is near!
We'll clink and drink
Till daylight doth appear!
More wine! And beer!
More wine! And Beer! And beer!

HERMANN AND STUDENTS.

Luther is a good fellow,
Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la! la!
But we will make him bellow!
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la!
(Rapping their mugs on the table).
More wine! And beer!
More wine! And beer!

LUTHER.

It's here! It's here!
Good sirs, it's here!

NATHANAEL.

His wife is Eve's own daughter!
Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
Fling her into the water!
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la!

NATHANAEL, HERMANN & STUDENTS.

His wife is Eve's own daughter!
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la!
Fling her into the water!
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la!
(Rapping).
More wine! and beer!
More wine! and beer!

LUTHER.

It's here! It's here!
Good sirs, it's here!

STUDENTS.

Fill up the glass!
We'll drink and clink till morning!
Fill up the glass
Too soon the night will pass! etc.
Bring out your beer!
We'll drink till morning!
Bring out your wine!
Bring out your beer!
We'll drink till day is dawning,
Bring out your beer.

NATHANAEL.

Luther mine!
You bulky barrel,
What's become of our Hoffmann?
If you've poisoned him we'll quarrel.
Take it from me, from Hermann!
We want Hoffmann!

NATHANAEL.

Sir Host! Bring him here promptly,
Or we'll have to clip your wings.

LUTHER.

Good sirs, I hear him a-coming,
And Nicklausse with him he brings

NATHANAEL, HERMANN & STUDENTS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Tis he!
Hurrah! Tis he!

LINDORF *(Aside).*

And now, we'll see!
(Enter Hoffmann and Nicklausse).

HOFFMANN.

Good day, my friends.

NICKLAUSSE.

Good day.

HOFFMANN.

A chair, a pipe, a glass in a hurry.

NICKLAUSSE.

My worthy sir,
If I may say so,
I'll sit and drink and smoke, e'en as you
Serve for two!

NATHANAEL.

Why surely.

STUDENTS.

Bring us all we need for two!
Make a place for two! Ay, make a place for two!
(Hoffmann and Nicklausse sit. Hoffmann holds his head in his hands).

NICKLAUSSE *(Humming).*
"Night and day no slumber bring me"—
(Or "Notte e giorno mal dormire").

HOFFMANN.
Stop it, devil take you!

NICKLAUSSE.
Ay, my master.

HERMANN *(to Hoffmann).*
O, come, come, why are you so glum?

NATHANAEL.
You'd never know him for the master!
What is it that has made you dumb?

HOFFMANN.
All my hopes are chilled and blighted,
Killed by a pitiless blast!

NICKLAUSSE.
Snoring loudly by the door there,
As we entered, someone in liquor we passed.

HOFFMANN.
'Tis true, and I declare, my soul he filled with envy.
We'll drink, boys!
We'll drink, boys!
Then if you will, we'll slumber in the street!

HERMANN.
What about beds?

HOFFMANN.
The roadway!

NATHANAEL.
Over our heads?

HOFFMANN.
The sky.

NATHANAEL.
Blankets and sheets?

HOFFMANN.
The rain.

HERMANN.
Have you had a nightmare, Hoffmann?

NATHANAEL.
Sing away, let's be gay!
We shouldn't need to ask you.
We will all join in!

STUDENTS.
We will all join in!

HOFFMANN.
Good!

NATHANAEL.
Something cheery, I pray!

HERMANN.
The song of the rat!

NATHANAEL.
No! We are sick of that lay!
The song we lack
Is that old legend of Kleinzach!

STUDENT.
Let's have the legend,
The old legend of Kleinzach!

SONG AND SCENE.

HOFFMANN.
O, once upon a time at the Court of Eisenach,

STUDENTS.
The Court of Eisenach!

HOFFMANN.
There dwelt a little dwarf who was known as Kleinzach!

STUDENTS.
They knew him as Kleinzach!

HOFFMANN.
His head was capped by an old colback,
And his queer little legs would go so—click! clack!
Click! Clack! Click, clack!
So now you know Kleinzach!

STUDENTS.
Click! Click, clack! Click, clack!
So now we know Kleinzach.

HOFFMANN.
He had a mighty hump which he loved to smack!

STUDENTS.
A hump he loved to smack!

HOFFMANN.
His feet were never neat and they peeped from a sack!

STUDENTS.
They peeped out of a sack!

HOFFMANN.
Tobacco made his nose coal black!
And his head, and his head would go so—crick crack!
Crick crack! Crick crack!
So now you know Kleinzach.

STUDENTS.
Crick! Crick, crack! Crick crack!
So now we know Kleinzach!

HOFFMANN.
But the face, the face was full of beauty.
(He stops and goes into a brown study).

STUDENTS.
But the face was full of beauty.

HOFFMANN.
But that face, the face was full of beauty!
Ay, yes, her face was full of charm!
Fair and fond.
Radiant, radiant as the day
On which I ran away
From home for aye,
Like a fool,
Deserting all who loved me,
Fleeing far through the wood
Through the vale and beyond!
And her hair, O, her wonderful, raven tresses,
Fell about her fair neck
With their clinging caresses!
Her eyes, her eyes were a heavenly blue,
Deep and true, deep and true,
And as pure as the dew.
Believing in our bliss,
We rode away together,
Our lips would meet and kiss
Triumphantly and bravely!
As on our way we rode,
Her voice rang out so clear,
As on our way we rode,
Her voice rang out so clear!
Forever more that sound
Within my heart I'll hear!

NATHANAEL.
O, truce to your folly!
Whom have you just portrayed?
Kleinzach?

HOFFMANN.
Kleinzach? Ah no, another!
Nay! 'Twas no one! Naught!
My brain was distraught!
Naught!
Kleinzach's more to me
Though a cripple he be!
When he was in his cups,
Full of gin or arrack—

STUDENTS.
Of gin or arrack!

HOFFMANN.
His coat tails would go swinging at his back!

STUDENTS.
Go swinging at his back!

HOFFMANN.
Then they would dangle s), and clack,
As the monster, the monster would go—flick, flack,
Flick flack! Flick flack!
So now you know Kleinzach!
Flick flack! Flick flack!
So now you know Kleinzach!

STUDENTS.
Flick flack! Flick flack!
We know Kleinzach!

FINALE.

HOFFMANN.
Pagh! Luther's beer belies his label!
Let's light up the punch!
Swill away!

NATHANAEL, HERMANN & STUDENTS.
Let's light up the punch,
Swill away!

HOFFMANN.
For those who are drunk
There's the shelt 'ring table!

NATHANAEL, HERMANN & STUDENTS.
For those who are drunk
There's the shelt 'ring table!
(The lights are put out. Luther lights the punch).

HOFFMANN AND ALL STUDENTS.
Luther is a good fellow!
Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
But we will make him bellow
Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
Here he has beer that's filling,
Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
Soon we will all be swilling,
Tra, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la.

NICKLAUSSE.
Ah, that's more sensible,
We've banished idle reason,
More sobriety would be treason!
To the deuce with amorous pain!

NATHANAEL.
Methinks Hoffman's love-sick again!

HOFFMANN.
What if I were?

NATHANAEL.
But he need not blush, I trow.
Does it matter?
Our brother Wilhelm over there
Adores his Leonora, he vows she is charming.
And Hermann loves Gretchen.
And I would go to Hades for my Fausta.

HOFFMANN *(to Wilhelm).*

Oh, Leonora, you virtuosa!
(To Hermann).
Your Gretchen with a heart
That never knew love's dart!
(To Nathanael).
And your Fausta!
What is she, pray?
A courtesan, for ev'ry man!

HERMANN.

But your sweetheart must be a pearl
To make you mock at all others?

HOFFMANN.

Oh, my sweetheart?
Ay, my sweetheart!
Nay, nay, you should say
All my sweethearts!
A charming trio had bewitched me!
With them I whiled away my days!
Shall I tell you the story of all my amours?

STUDENTS *(Settling down in their seats).*

Ay, go on! *(Bus.)*
While he tells his story,
Drain the glass!
Drink, in drink we glory!
From our bowls we will blow, we'll blow!

NICKLAUSSE.

From our bowls we'll be blowing
We'll be blowing as he tells his tale!

STUDENTS.

While he tells his amazing tale!
From our bowls we will blow, we'll blow,
As he tells his amazing tale!

HOFFMANN.

I'll begin, then!

NICKLAUSSE.

Keep silence!

STUDENTS.

Keep silence!

LINDORF *(Aside).*

In an hour they will cease—
They will all be at peace!

HOFFMANN.

The first of my three sweethearts
Was named Antonia.

CURTAIN.

ACT I.

(Venice. The house of Crespel. A room furnished rather strangely. To right, a clavichord—violins hang from the wall. To left a window. At back, between two doors, a large portrait of a lady. The sun is setting).

ROMANZA.

ANTONIA *(Seated at the clavichord).*

He has flown, my pretty turtle-dove!
(She rises).
Ah, tender souvenir, I cannot live without thee,
Alas, an hour ago he was here by my knee;
Alas, I see him now by my knee,
He was here by my knee.
He has flown, my pretty turtle dove,
Flown away, far from me.
But he vowed he'd ne'er betray me.
He'll be true to his love.
My own dear dove,
Thou wilt obey me!
My tender heart I gave to thee,
All my heart's true to thee,
All my heart's true to thee!
He has flown, my pretty turtle-dove,
He has flown, he has flown far from thee!

(She draws nearer to the clavichord and continues, standing and then turning over the music).

Fairest flow'r,
So sweetly blooming,
I implore thee,
Answer me.
Tell me now he does adore me,
Say he's faithful to me!
My own dear love,
I do implore thee,
An, let thy heart be true to me,
Let thy heart be true to me,
Keep thy heart true to me!
He has flown, my pretty turtle-dove,
He has flown, he has flown far from me.

(She sinks into a chair in front of the clavichord).

SCENE.

CRESPEL.

My unhappy child,
Well beloved daughter,
You gave me your word
You'd never sing again!

ANTONIA.

My mother's alive in me
She compelled me.
My heart was all song.
I could not refrain!

CRESPEL.

Ah, that's what I fear—
The voice of your mother
In your voice I hear.
Regret is all vain!
I hear her in you!
Pray, pray, I entreat you!

ANTONIA *(Sadly).*

Then your Antonia will be dumb!

(She goes out slowly).

CRESPEL.

O, despair!
As she sang just now
I could see the glow of the fever
That flushed in her face.
God! Ah, must I then lose her,
My darling!
Ah, that Hoffmann!
'Tis he who has fired all her heart
With his madness!
I'd fled, yes, to Munich!

(To Frantz, who enters).

Frantz, I'm in to no one.

(Frantz about to go).

FRANTZ.

Are you sure?

CRESPEL.

Why'd you go?

FRANTZ.

But you said there was some one,
Or I can't trust my ears.

CRESPEL.

I said: I'm in to no one!
In to no one!
D' you hear me clearly now?

FRANTZ.

O, good Lord! Do you think I'm deaf?

CRESPEL.

Oh, may the Devil destroy you!

FRANTZ.

Yes, Mein Herr. They shall not annoy you.

CRESPEL.

O, jackass. Be off, I say!

FRANTZ.

A lovely day!

CRESPEL *(Furious).*

Get out!

(Exit Crespel hurriedly).

(Frantz closes the door and moves down the stage).

FRANTZ.

O, good Lord! Isn't he ill-tempered!
Dogmatic! Asthmatic! Ne'er at ease!
Ah, no matter how he's pampered,
He's hard to please!

SONG.

FRANTZ.

Night and day
I must go and come,
Obey his orders
And be dumb.
I dare not speak,
I must be mum!
And yet if I were not so dumb
I might surprise,
I might surprise him.
For now and then I'm in voice,
And to sing is not so easy.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
O, his ear I might rejoice,
La, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la!
Now and then, when I'm in voice,
La, la, la, etc.
But at times I'm wheezy,
At times I'm wheezy,
At times I'm wheezy,
I am wheezy!
Tra, la, la, etc.
And of course, when I'm not in training,
I do not sing melodiously,
But I can dance harmoniously,
I do not fear the truth to tell!
O, when I dance, I'm really entertaining,
For truth to tell, I could dance all day,
And to dance, is not so easy!

(He dances and sings).

Tra, la,.la, etc.
As I trip upon the toe,
La, la, la, etc.
I delight them all, I know.

(He slips and falls).

La, la, la, etc.
When I'm quite in training,
When I'm in training,
When I'm in training,
I'm in training!
Tra, la, la, etc.

(He rises).

(He sinks into a chair).

SCENE.

HOFFMANN *(Entering the door at back, and followed by Nicklausse).*
Frantz! It is here!
(He moves down stage and taps Frantz on the shoulder).
Get up! D' you hear?

FRANTZ.

Eh? Who is there?
(He rises and seems surprised).
Mein Herr Hoffmann!

HOFFMANN.

Myself, man! What news? Antonia?

FRANTZ.

He's not at home, Mein Herr!

HOFFMANN.

Ha, ha! Deafer than even a twelve-month ago!

FRANTZ.

You do me honor!
I'm well, I'm quite well, thank the Lord!
HOFFMANN *(Raising his voice).*
Antonia! Ah, tell me where to find her!
FRANTZ *(Looking at him and smiling)*
Quite so. What a joy for my worthy master!
(Exit).
(Hoffmann moves to the clavichord and reads the song. He sings to his own accompaniment).

DUO. HOFFMANN.

Ah, 'tis a ballad of love and of folly,
Love and folly,
Joyous and gay, or melancholy!
ANTONIA *(Entering suddenly).*
Hoffmann!
(He rises and embraces Antonia).

HOFFMANN.

Antonio!

NICKLAUSSE *(Aside).*
I'm in the way. Good-night.

ANTONIA.

O, I was always sure you loved me still,
You loved me well and truly!

HOFFMANN.

My heart had told me true,
You really did regret!
My heart had told me true,
You really did regret!
Now there is joy in (my) life!
To-morrow will see you my wife!
Happy with you, love,
Happy with you, love,
Naught shall part us (now) forever,
And for aye!
Nothing shall part us;
Ah, you are true!
And naught shall part us forever
For aye!

ANTONIA.

Now I can joy in (my) life!
To-morrow will see me your wife!
Happy with you (love)
Happy with you (love)
Naught shall part us (now) forever,
And for aye!
Nothing shall part us (now) forever,
Naught shall part us now forever
And for aye!

ANTONIA and HOFFMANN.

By our love now we're united,
Love has blossomed, ne'er to be blighted.
'Twill bloom in our hearts for aye.
Forever our love we'll obey!
Ah, 'twill bloom in our hearts for aye,
It will blossom for aye,
Love we'll obey;
By our love we're now united!
Joy on my heart you're shedding,
To-morrow will smile on our wedding!
Happy with you, (love)
Happy with you, (love)
Naught shall part me from you,
I'll be true,
Nothing shall part me from you,
Nothing shall part me,
Forever and ever and aye from you!
Nothing shall part me from you!
From you!

HOFFMANN.

And yet, by the necromancy
Of my tortured fancy,
I am troubled, though you're true!
For your music compels me often to be jealous,
You love it, too!

ANTONIA.

For though I love my music,
I love it but for you!
Ah, now your love's unduly zealous!

Ah, you, you would not, surely, forbid me
E'er to sing, like my poor old father?

HOFFMANN.

Is it true?

ANTONIA *(Mysteriously).*

Yes, my father just now
Impressed on me the virtues of silence.
Ah, you will hear me!

HOFFMANN *(Aside).*

It is strange! Can it be?

ANTONIA *(Resolutely).*

Come here, as oft before,
Come here, my dear,
And listen, and soon you'll know
If I have lost the voice
That you love and adore.

HOFFMANN.

How bright your eyes are shining,
And how your hand doth tremble!
ANTONIA *(Inviting him to sit down).*
See this sweet song of love!
Often we've sung (it) together.

HOFFMANN.

This sweet song of love.

ANTONIA.

Often we've sung (it) together.

HOFFMANN.

Together!

ANTONIA *(Accompanying herself at the clavichord).*

Fly to the angels above
With our tale of love
And folly.
Joy and woe and melancholy,
Fly, O fly as the dove!
Speak to the skies of our love
And our folly,
Melancholy,
We sing of our love, our love,
The rose newly born,
We sing of our love, our love,
Is a-wooing the dawn,
Ah, may it not die in the morning,
My rose may die in the morning.
In the morning,
Ah, love and folly,
Fly to the angels above
With our tale of folly!
Joy and woe and melancholy!
Fly, O fly as the dove!
Fly to the angels above,
With our tale of love and folly!
We are singing our song of love,
We're singing our song of love!

HOFFMANN.

Fly to the angels above
With our song of love
And folly,
Joy and woe and melancholy!
Fly, O fly as the dove!
We're singing our song of love!
We're singing our song of love!
We're singing our song of love!
(Antonia puts her hand to her heart and seems about to faint).

SCENE.

HOFFMANN *(To Antonia).*

What is wrong?

ANTONIA *(Again putting her hand to her heart).*

Naught!

HOFFMANN *(Listening).*

Hush!

ANTONIA.

Heav'n! 'Tis my father!
Come!

(Exit).

HOFFMANN *(After moving as though to follow her and returning).*

Nay! I must have the key to all this myst'ry!

CRESPEL *(Entering).*

No one!
I thought that Hoffmann might be there!
May the Devil take the fellow!

HOFFMANN.

Thank you, friend!

FRANTZ *(Entering, to Crespel).*

Mein Herr! Doctor Miracle!
Rascal! O, rascal!
Close the door man, and quickly!

FRANTZ.

Yes, mein Herr. The doctor....

CRESPEL.

What? Doctor? He?
Not on my honor!
He digs the graves of those he slays!
He'd love to kill my child, after her mother!
The rattling of his cursed phials now I hear!
Don't allow him to enter!

MIRACLE *(Appearing suddenly).*
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
(Frantz disappears).

CRESPEL.
The Devil!

MIRACLE.
Well, well! Here I am! It is I!
Ah, my most worthy Herr Crespel!
Most worthy—Where can he be?

CRESPEL *(Stopping him).*
Be gone!

MIRACLE.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
What became of Antonia?
Ah me! And does she suffer
Like her good mother?
She going on well?
Ah, that's better.
Ere long she'll be cured!
Now take me to see her.

CRESPEL.
Would you kill her, too?
If you do but stir,
I will throw you out of the window!

MIRACLE.
Hey there! Go slow!
I have no desire to harm you!
(He draws up an armchair).

CRESPEL *(Aside).*
What the deuce!
Traitor!

MIRACLE.
If any ill
You would kill,
You surely first should know it.

HOFFMANN *(Aside).*
He fills me with terror!

CRESPEL *(Aside).*
With horror, he chills me!

HOFFMANN *(Aside).*
He fills me with terror!

CRESPEL *(Aside).*
With horror he chills me!

MIRACLE *(Extending his hand towards Antonia's room).*
You shall hear me question her!
You must obey my will!
Come now with willing grace!
Yield now with willing grace!

MIRACLE.
I pray you, take this chair.

CRESPEL.
I have a seat.

MIRACLE.
(Makes some more passes—taking no notice of Crespel).
How old may you be?
I entreat!

CRESPEL.
Who? I?

MIRACLE.
I'm speaking to you, child.

HOFFMANN.
Antonia!

MIRACLE.
Your age? Pray reply!
I command.
(He listens).
Twenty!
'Tis the springtime of life!
(He seems to feel her pulse).
And now—let's see your hand!

CRESPEL.
Her hand?

MIRACLE.
(Taking out his watch).
Hush! Let me count the beats!

HOFFMANN *(Aside).*
Ah, is it true, or do I dream!
Or is it true?

MIRACLE.
The pulse flutters and goes too fast.
This will not do.
Now sing.
(The voice of Antonia is heard in the air).

ANTONIA *(Behind the scenes).*
Ah!

MIRACLE *(Rising and seeming to watch Antonia go)*
(The door of Antonia's room closes).
Look you, now she's afire,
And as bright as the day.
Now she presses her hand
To her heart, in her pain!

CRESPEL.
What was that?

MIRACLE *(Rising and restoring one of the arm chairs to its place).*
'Twould be sad indeed,
I do maintain,
To let the reaper, Death,
Bear off so fair a prey!

CRESPEL.
No more! No more!
(He knocks over an arm chair).

MIRACLE.

If you will let me offer you my aid,
If you will let me save the maid...
(He takes several phials out of his pocket and rattles them like castanets).
I've here, these phials rare,
Which I hold in reserve...
What you should do...

CRESPEL.

Avaunt!
The Lord preserve me
From obeying the counsel of wretches like you!

MIRACLE.

What every morning you should do, each morning do...
Yes, I can quite understand—
What your anger meant.
Ah, the phials! Suff'ring father!
Soon they'll relieve her,
And give you content.

HOFFMANN.

Antonia! Antonia!

CRESPEL.

Avaunt! and leave me alone, you fiend!
Avaunt! Begone from my home, begone!
Beware a father's fury
And his despair!
Begone! Begone! (now)
By Satan you're sent!
Ah, now begone, ah, begone from my home!
Begone! Leave me alone
And beware of a father's fury,
Flee a father's despair
And fury, flee his despair
And fury! Go! Ah, begone!
Ah, begone, and fear the fury
Of a father! Begone! Begone!

HOFFMANN.

On her death he is bent!
But, knowing his intent,
I will save you, my own!
You'll lose her, though by Satan you're sent!
You're sent!
You laugh in vain
Although by Satan here you are sent!
You're sent!

MIRACLE.

Ah! Surely content!
Ah!
Yes, I quite understand
What your agony meant!
With the phials, poor father,
You'll be surely content!
Yes, I could see your bent!
See what you meant!
Yes, in a moment or two,
You'll surely be content!
The phials! That's what you meant!
Never fear,
For you'll surely, surely soon be content!
Ay, content!
You'll surely, surely soon be content!

MIRACLE *(Phlegmatically).*

Which she should take...

CRESPEL.

Avaunt! Begone!

MIRACLE.

In the forenoon...

CRESPEL.

Leave me! Go! Go!
(He pushes Miracle out and slams the door to).
Ah!
He has gone at last!
And my door's barred against him!
Again we're now alone,
My own, my darling daughter!

MIRACLE *(Returning through the wall).*

Which she should take,
Ev'ry forenoon, ev'ry forenoon...

CRESPEL.

Ah! Go, go, you rascal!
May you burn in the flames
Of the devils below!
We will see if old Satan's
Your friend or your foe!

MIRACLE.

Oh yes, I understand,
Oh I know what you meant!
Thanks to my phials, you poor father,
You'll surely be very content!
Ah, quite content! Ah!

HOFFMANN.

Antonia! Antonia!

CRESPEL.

Begone! Begone! By the Devil you're sent!
Begone! Begone! By the Devil you're sent!

HOFFMANN.

On her death he is bent.
I'll baffle his intent!

CRESPEL.

Beware a father's fury,
And his despair.
Flee his rage and despair!

MIRACLE.

Yes, I know what you meant.
I divine your intent!
With my phials, poor father,
You'll be surely content!
Yes, I see your bent!
See your bent!
Yes, I divine your intent,
You'll surely be content,
My phials, yes they'll make you
Surely happy, content!
Yes, content, they'll make you content.
Her death I meant.
So she must take ev'ry forenoon,
So she must take ev'ry forenoon...

HOFFMANN.

I will save you, my dear!
You laugh in vain,
I'll foil your Satanic intent.
You laugh in vain,
You laugh in vain,
I'll foil your intent, intent!
Antonia!

CRESPEL.

Begone! Begone! You devil of Hell!
Go now! Begone! Begone!
Leave me alone, you fiend!
Leave me alone and beware my despair
And fury!
Yes,beware my despair, my fury,
Ah, my despair, my fury!
Off with you! Go! Ah, begone!
Beware a father's fury.
Go! Go! Begone!
Begone! Begone!
Begone! Begone!

(Exit Miracle backwards, shaking his phials and followed by Crespel).

SCENE.

HOFFMANN.

She'll sing no more!
Alas!
But how shall I persuade her?
Can I make her obey me?

ANTONIA.

Well, dear? My father?
What did he say?

HOFFMANN *(Taking her hands).*

O, do not question me!
Anon, all you shall know.
All we hoped for, my own, we must forego.
Ah, my Antonia!
If you love me, forget your dreams of glory
Dismiss them from your mind.
Dream no more of the glory
You and I together hoped to find.

ANTONIA.

What of you, dear?

HOFFMANN.

In love alone, we'll find our pleasure,
And naught that is not you
In future I will treasure!
I will treasure!

ANTONIA *(After a pause).*

So be't! And here's my hand!

HOFFMANN.

Ah, dear Antonia!
How can I e'er repay
What you've given me to-day!
(He kisses her hand).
Your father may return, and I must go.
Till to-morrow, I must go, I must go!

(He goes. Antonia watches his departure. After a moment she moves down stage).

ANTONIA.

My father, as I see.
Has made him his accomplice.
But, ah, to weep would be in vain.
I've giv'n my word.
I shall not sing again!
(She sinks into an arm chair).

TRIO.

MIRACLE.

(Re-appearing suddenly behind Antonia and singing into her ear).
You will not sing again?
D'you know the sacrifice
To which you have agreed,
Ah, have you weighed it well?

Your beauty and your art
And your grace and your charm,
Shall the gifts that the gods upon your head have lavished
Be buried on your hearth?
Must all from you be ravished?
And have you in your dreams
Not heard a sound that seems
The soughing of the breeze
Amid the swaying trees,
The tribute to your fame
Of the crowd you have conquered
As it murmurs your name
And longs like you to please!
Ah, is there any joy that can compare with glory?
And you who are so fair
Would throw it all away?
You only care to wed,
And see your babies play.
Your babies who will make you grow
Less lovely ev'ry day?

ANTONIA *(Without turning her head).*
Ah, what can be the voice
That whispers in my ear?
Is Satan by my side,
Or is it God I hear?
Nay! Nay!
That is not joy, as you say,
To undo me!
To win his love
I'll give all my glory away!
Your fame is not dearer to me
Than the home and bliss I'll share
With the man I adore!

MIRACLE.
Ah, what's in love that's so compelling?
To Hoffman you're a prey.
He treasures naught but your face,
All that he worships is your grace!
He who buys you soon may be selling
Your voice and your beauty, if you obey him to-day.
(He vanishes).

ANTONIA *(Rising).*
No! Do not torture me!
Ah go! Ah go!
I will no longer listen!
To my word I'll be true.
To him I love I'll go!
In vain to me you sue—
'Twould be a sin to listen!
He stood there by my side,
And held me to his heart!
He vowed unending love,
We nevermore will part!
Ah! Who will from the demon save me,
Save my soul!
(Looking at her mother's portrait).
My mother!
O, my mother!
I love thee so, I love thee so!

MIRACLE *(Re-appearing).*
Your mother! You think of her too late!
Your mother!
Is't not she who's speaking to you
And with my voice?
Ungrateful! O, remember now
Her glorious name
Ere you go to your fate!
You hear her!
(The portrait is suddenly illuminated)

A VOICE.
Antonia!

ANTONIA.
Heav'n!

MIRACLE.
You hear her!

A VOICE.
Antonia!

ANTONIA.
O, my mother! My mother!

MIRACLE.
You hear her!

A VOICE.
Daughter mine, O, my dear,
I'm calling to thee!
'Tis thy mother, 'tis she,
That thou dost hear!
Daughter mine, O my dear,
I'm calling to thee!
'Tis thy mother!
Hearken to her voice!

ANTONIA.
Ah, 'tis my mother appealing
Her will she's revealing!

MIRACLE.
'Tis her voice, clear and true,
Her voice that never was misleading.
She has left it to you,
To win glory anew!

A VOICE.
Antonia!

MIRACLE.
You hear her!

A VOICE.
Antonia!

MIRACLE.
You hear her.

A VOICE.
Antonia!

MIRACLE.
You hear her!
Yes, again she is living!
And, hark their plaudits loud
The crowd again is giving!

A VOICE.
Antonia!

ANTONIA.
My mother! My mother!

MIRACLE.
Do as she does! Sing with feeling!
(He picks up a violin and begins a frenzied acompaniment).

ANTONIA.
Her soul, O her soul is appealing!

A VOICE.
Antonia!

MIRACLE.
Will you sing, will you sing?
Will you sing, she's appealing!

ANTONIA.
My mother!

A VOICE.
Antonia!

ANTONIA.
My mother! My mother! Ah!

MIRACLE.
Do as she does! Sing with feeling!

A VOICE.
Daughter mine! O, my dear,
I'm calling to thee!

ANTONIA.
O her soul is appealing,
Calling to me!

MIRACLE.
Ay, her soul is appealing,
It calls to thee.

ANTONIA.
I hear her calling,
I hear her voice!
O, I hear her voice!
Ah, my mother,
Ah, my mother,
Ah!

A VOICE.
'Tis thy mother, 'tis she, dear!
Obey her voice!
Daughter mine, O my dear!
I'm calling to thee!
Obey my voice!

MIRACLE.
'Tis thy mother who call, thee!
Obey her voice!
Hark to her voice!
Ay, her soul is appealing,
It calls to thee!
Hark to her voice!
Hark to her voice!
Obey her voice!

ANTONIA.
No! Ah, cease!
Never more I'll sing, ah, leave me in peace.
O, this flame, I'm a-fire!
Shall I never find surcease?

MIRACLE.
Obey! Obey me! Obey me!
Ah, why seek release!
'Tis thy mother who calls thee.
Her soul is appealing!
Do not say nay!
Obey her voice!

ANTONIA.
My mother! I hear her voice!
Ah! Yes, her spirit is calling! Ah!

A VOICE.
Daughter mine, I am calling!
Yes, I'm calling. Thou must obey!
My voice is calling!

MIRACLE.
Ay, thy mother is calling!
Ay, 'tis her spirit that appeals!
Her voice is calling!

ANTONIA.
Yes, her soul is appealing!
Her call I hear!
'Tis my mother! 'Tis she! I can hear her voice!
Yes, her soul is appealing,
Her call I hear!
Ah! 'Tis my mother! I hear her voice!

A VOICE.
Daughter mine, I'm appealing!
Wilt thou not hear?
'Tis thy mother! 'Tis she! Obey her voice!

Daughter mine, I'm appealing!
Wilt thou not hear?
Daughter mine, ah, obey my voice!
My voice!

MIRACLE.

Ay, her soul is appealing!
'Tis thy mother, 'tis herself.
Thou wilt obey, obey her voice!
Obey her voice!
Ay, her soul is appealing!
'Tis thy mother, 'tis herself!
'Tis thy mother! 'Tis thy mother!
Ah, obey her voice,
Her voice!

(He plays the violin frenziedly).

ANTONIA *(Panting).*

I burn with flame unforgiving,
Ah, the fire of frenzy fills my eyes;
Flaming frenzy, flaming frenzy,
Has blinded, has blinded my eyes,
Filled and fired my eyes,
Has blinded my eyes!
Filled and fired my eyes!
Ah!
A moment more is left for living—
One only's left for living,
And then my soul will seek the skies!
Ah!
And then my soul will seek the skies!
My soul will seek the skies!
One moment more remains of living,
And then my soul will seek the skies!
And then my soul will seek the skies!
I burn! The flame is unforgiving—
The flame of frenzy fills my eyes!
Ah, soon, too soon, I'll cease from living—
Then my poor soul will seek the skies!

(She falls on the sofa dying).

A VOICE.

My voice is calling!
My voice is calling!
My voice is calling!
Thou wilt obey!
Sing on, sing, O, my daughter,
Sing on!
My voice is calling!
Sing on, sing on!
My voice is calling—
O, wilt thou obey?
Sing on, sing on, sing on!
Daughter mine
I am calling!
Daughter mine
I am calling!
Thou wilt obey.
Ah, my spirit is calling,
Is calling!
Obey my voice!
Obey my voice!

(The picture resumes its normal appearance).

MIRACLE.

Sing on, sing on,
Sing once more!
Hear her, she's calling!
Sing on!
Hear her, she's calling!
Sing on!
Her soul is appealing—
Thou wilt obey!
Sing on, sing on!
Sing away, dear!
Hear her, she's calling!
Sing on, sing on, sing on,
Hear her voice—it is calling.
Thou must obey!
Her soul is appealing, appealing!
Obey her voice!
Obey her voice!

(He sinks through the floor with a satanic laugh).

FINALE.

CRESPEL *(Entering hurriedly).*

O, my dear! My daughter!
Antonia!

ANTONIA *(Dying).*

My father! Do but hear!
'Tis my mother.... My mother.... who appeals!
He's come, O my love!
Fly to the angels above....
Sing to them our song of love....
Joy and woe and melancholy
Ah! I'll sing them our song of love!

(She dies).

CRESPEL.

O, speak one word! One word!
My daughter! Speak to me!
My daughter! Speak one word!
Death unrelenting!
Ah! Relent! Relent!
Mercy!
Thou'lt spare my child!
My daughter!

(To Hoffmann, who enters).
Ah, Hoffmann! Villain! Villain!
'Tis thou, to death, my child hath sent!
But I'll have blood, thy blood, I say!
(Picking up a knife as if to strike Hoffmann).
A knife! He shall pay
With his life!

NICKLAUSSE *(Entering and intervening).*
Ah, forbear!

HOFFMANN *(To Nicklausse).*
Hasten! And give the alarm!
A doctor, man! A doctor, man!

MIRACLE *(Re-appearing).*
He's here!
(He bends over Antonia and takes her hand, which falls lifeless).
Dead!

HOFFMANN *(In despair).*
Antonia!

CRESPEL *(Frenziedly).*
Oh, God, O my child!
My daughter!
(Frantz enters and kneels beside Antonia).

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

(Venice—exterior of a gallery in a palace looking down on the Grand Canal. The canal (practicable) is seen at back. Balustrades, stairways, columns, lamps, chandeliers, cushions, flowers. Side doors to left and right, near the footlights. Beyond these, wide doors or arcades, leading to other galleries. Guests are grouped, standing and reclining on cushions, roundabout Giulietta. The scene is lively and brilliant).

ENTRANCE AND BARCAROLLE.

NICKLAUSSE.
Shining night, O night of love,
Thy beaming beauty blesses!
Light of night, that shines above,
O shining night of love!

GIULIETTA and NICKLAUSSE.
Time runs on and comes no more;
It goes with our caresses;
Far from this beguiling shore,
It goes and comes no more!
O breezes as ye play,
Blow away our distresses,
O breezes as ye play,
Waft our sorrow away,
As ye play!
Ah!
Shining night, O night of love,
Thy beaming beauty blesses!

GUESTS.
Ah!

GIULIETTA and NICKLAUSSE.
Light of night that beams above,
O shining light of love!

GUESTS.
Ah! Ah!

NICKLAUSSE.
Night of light and of love!

GIULIETTA.
Ah, smile on all our caresses!

NICKLAUSSE.
Smile on all our caresses!

GIULIETTA.
Night of love! O night of love!

NICKLAUSSE.
O shining night of love! Ah!

RECITATIVE AND DRINKING SONG.

HOFFMANN.
And I? It is not that, I vow,
Could e'er enchant me!
When beauty passes by,
Or at her feet we lie,
Why, O why, should we sob and sigh?
Nay!
We'll laugh as we love
And we'll sing though the morrow
May be laden with sorrow!

SONG.
My friend, love that preys on the mind, is blind!
The laugh that brings laughter and wine, divine!
With passion and desire
Let your heart be burning—
For pleasure and its fire
Let your soul be yearning!
Ere love be past,
One day 'twill last,
One day 'twill last,
One day 'twill last!
Ah!
The heav'ns are not more fair than thou, I vow,
But hearts of steel too oft conceal
The De'il!

O joys of paradise,
O amours inviting,
O pledges that we prize,
In our dreams delighting,
O chastity,
O purity,
O purity,
You're lies! You're lies!
Ah!
A fig for all who are weeping
Because she's coy!
In wine our woe we are steeping,
We'll sing with joy!
We'll have one hour of bliss and joy!
Ah!
A fig for all who are weeping
Because she's coy!
In wine our woe we are steeping
We'll sing with joy!

HOFFMANN.

We'll live one hour of bliss and joy!

GUESTS.

Bliss and joy!
We'll live one hour of joy!

SCENE.

SCHLEMIL.

I see all here are merry!
You're a marvel, Signora!

GIULIETTA.

Why not?
I have mourned you my own, for three days!

PITTICHINACCIO.

Ay, ay!

SCHLEMIL.

Abortion!

GIULIETTA *(Calming them).*

Come, come. Pray be calm!
We've a stranger, a poet, to-day, as a guest—
(Introducing Hoffmann).
Hoffman!

SCHLEMIL *(Ungraciously).*

Signor!

HOFFMANN *(Ironically).*

Signor!

GIULIETTA *(To Schlemil).*

Try to smile, I implore you!
And to while time away, we will faro play!

GUESTS.

Hurrah! Faro we'll play!
(After a gesture inviting her guests to follow her, Giulietta moves towards the exit leading to the card room. Hoffmann is about to offer his escort, when Schlemil intervenes).

SCHLEMIL *(Taking Giulietta's hand as she tries to calm him).*

Morbleu!

GUESTS.

The game! The game! Away!

GIULIETTA *(To the guests).*

The game! my friends, away!
(All go out except Hoffmann and Nicklausse).

NICKLAUSSE *(To Hoffmann).*

A word. Two saddled horses wait.
Should any folly, any dream.
Seem to harm you, my friend,
I'll abduct you.

HOFFMANN.

And what dream could a poet's
Wildest fantasy
Weave of such reality?
Can one dream of a courtesan, man?

NICKLAUSSE.

This Schlemil surely can.

HOFFMANN.

But I am not Schlemil!

NICKLAUSSE.

Well, beware! Old Nick knows many a trick!
(Dapertutto appears at back).
Let him try! And if he should succeed,
He may have me forever!
Let's go!

NICKLAUSSE.

Let's go!
(Nicklausse and Hoffmann exeunt).

DAPERTUTTO.

Ay, go!
The eyes of Giulietta
Will treat you no better
Than they did all the others!
If they could fetter Schemil,
Why not you?
On the word of a certain Devil,
She will conquer you too!
I've willed it, Giulietta must obey.
Yes, she'll win you to-day!

AIR.

DAPERTUTTO.

(Drawing a glittering diamond ring from his finger).

With my diamond bright,
My magical mirror of light
With my diamond bright
I charm them and hold them in thrall!
Be they birds, or but women,
Should they its beauty see,
Should they fly, or they sigh,
Some ere long will be dying,
And some will render their souls!
Some ere long will be dying,
And some will render their souls!
Ah! with my diamond bright,
My magical mirror of light,
With my diamond bright
I'll draw her here,
I'll—draw—her—here!
I'll draw her here!
Bright gem of light,
You'll draw her here!
O gem, draw her here!
O gem of light,
Shine on,
To draw her here!

SCENE.

(Giulietta appears and moves, as if facinated, towards the diamond which Dapertutto holds out to her).

DAPERTUTTO *(Slipping the ring on her finger).*

My angel!

GIULIETTA.

What is your will? What is your desire?

DAPERTUTTO.

Ah! Have you not divined?
You, who conquer all hearts,
With your womanly arts,
Ah, you'll give me what I ask,
Only Schlemil's shadow!
And, by way of a change,
I should like the reflection
Of Hoffmann, too, ere the dawn.

GIULIETTA *(Speaking).*

What? His reflection?

DAPERTUTTO *(Singing).*

Yes, his reflection!
You doubt, though you know the power
Of your bright eyes?

GIULIETTA *(Speaking).*

No!

DAPERTUTTO *(Speaking).*

Who knows?

(Singing).

Your Hoffman their beauty may despise.

(Sternly).

Yes, I was here not so long ago
And heard him...
As he defied, defied your eyes!

GIULIETTA *(Resolutely).*

Ah, then I'll make him a fool!

(Hoffmann enters).

'Tis he! 'Tis he!

(Hoffmann crosses the stage, salutes Giulietta and is about to go. Dapertutto kisses Giulietta's hand and exit).

GIULIETTA *(To Hoffmann).*

O, would you go?

HOFFMANN *(Harshly).*

I've lost my all...

GIULIETTA.

Ah, so have I!
Ah! If you go, you'll affront me!
Ah! If you go you'll offend me!
Without ruth, without thanks,
You'd go, you'd go!

HOFFMANN *(Impulsively).*

Your tearful eyes betray you!
Ah, I love you!
My life for you I'd fling away!

DUO.

GIULIETTA.

You may rue!
You do not understand.
An hour, a single hour,
May bring about your ruin!
Your love and mine
May wreck you for aye,
If you stay!
Will you not depart,
Lest Schlemil slay you, my heart!
Beware if you do not obey me!
I'll love you forever, but go, I pray!
I pray!
At dawn, believe me, dear,
I vow I'll join you here!

HOFFMANN.

O heav'n, with what delight
My heart is all alight!
With melody divine
Thy voice the world has filled:

With glowing joy and love,
My soul again is thrilled!
Thine eyes on mine alone
Their glory bright have shed,
They flame as the stars of the night:

And I feel, O, my dear, my own,
At the tough of thy love laden breath,
Rapture awakens and sorrow has flown.
Thy breath is all laden,
Ah, thy breath is all laden
With the rapture of thy love
And sorrow has flown!
O, Heav'n with what delight
My heart is now alight,
Thine eyes on me alone,
Glow in the night,
Glow starry-bright
And flaming!

GIULIETTA.

Yet to-day, wilt thou not,
To encourage my heart,
Give me some gift to remind me of thee?

HOFFMANN.

What shall I give thee?

GIULIETTA.

I'll tell thee,
Do not laugh at my plea.
(She embraces Hoffmann and produces a mirror).
The gift I'd have of thee
Is thy reflected image,
The reproduction true
Of thy look,
Thy very visage,
The reflection that I see
Here, bending over me!

HOFFMANN.

What! My reflection?
Ah, this is folly!

GIULIETTA.

No! For it can be detached, they say,
And taken from this mirror...
And be hid, if I bid,
In my heart and for aye.

HOFFMANN.

In thy heart!

GIULIETTA.

In my heart!
Ah, see, 'tis I who do implore thee!
O, Hoffman, hear my prayer!

HOFFMANN.

Dost thou care?

GIULIETTA.

Yes, I care!
Be it wisdom or folly,
Thou wilt list to my prayer!
Shouldst thou thyself from me be taken,
I still would keep a part of thee,
Thy reflected soul and thy being,
Ah, give them, love, to me!
Thy reflection give to me!
My heart 'twill fill with thee!
Ah!

HOFFMANN.

O ecstasy of joy unending,
O rare and fair and lovely fear,
My reflected soul and my being
With thee for aye, with thee for aye will be!
With thee, with thee, yes, with thee!
Ah!

GIULIETTA and HOFFMANN.

Ah, to-day, ah to-day all is sorrow,
But the dawn, the dawn brings joy!
Ah, to-day, ah to-day all is sorrow,
But the dawn, the dawn is joy!
(Schlemil enters, followed by Nicklausse, Dapertutto, Pittichinaccio and other guests).

SCENE.

GIULIETTA.

Schlemil!

SCHLEMIL *(Moving up stage and addressing guests).*

I told you so! Together!
Behold, fair sirs, behold!
'Twas for a Hoffmann's sake, I wager,
That our beauty has grown so cold.
(Ironic laughter).

HOFFMANN *(Parlando).*

Signor!

GIULIETTA *(To Hoffmann).*

Be silent!
(Intensely).
He has my key...
(Sotto voce).
I love thee!

PITTICHINACCIO *(To Schlemil).*

Kill the man!

FINALE.

GIULIETTA.
When you please, good sirs!
The gondola's near,
Gay barcarolles I hear!
'Tis time to say adieu!

NICKLAUSSE.
Will you come?

HOFFMANN.
Not yet!

NICKLAUSSE.
I understand. But I'll watch over you.

SCHLEMIL.
Why do you wait, Signor?

HOFFMANN.
I want a certain key that I have sworn to get from you!

SCHLEMIL.
You cannot get the key without my life, Signor!

HOFFMANN.
Then I will have them both!

SCHLEMIL.
Not if I can help it. On guard!

DAPERTUTTO.
You have no sword? Take mine...

HOFFMANN.
Thanks.
(Hoffmann and Schlemil fight).
(Schlemil is mortally wounded and falls. Hoffmann takes a small key that is suspended from his adversary's throat. He rushes to the apartment of Giulietta).

(Pittichinaccio looks at Schlemil curiously and makes sure he is dead. Dappertutto quietly picks up his sword and puts it back into its scabbard. Then he moves towards the gallery).

CHORUS *(In the wings).*
Ah! Ah!
Shining night, O night of love,
Smile on at our caresses!
Bright thy light is beaming above,
O, shining night of love!
(Giulietta appears at back, in a gondola, as Hoffmann re-enters).
O, shining night of love,
Smile on all our caresses!

HOFFMANN.
No one!

GIULIETTA.
Ha, ha, ha!

DAPERTUTTO.
What will you do with him now?

GIULIETTA.
I'll make you a present of him!

PITTICHINACCIO.
My angel!
(He steps into the gondola. Giulietta embraces him).

HOFFMANN.
Wretch!

NICKLAUSSE.
Hoffmann! Hoffmann! The guards!
(Nicklausse drags Hoffmann away).

CHORUS.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

(A richly furnished room in the house of a physician, leading into a gallery, the doorways of which are closed by tapestry. The stage is lighted by candles).

SCENE.
(Spalanzani enters, raising the tapestry of the doorway at right).

SPALANZANI.
(He moves down stage).
There! Sleep away!
Ha! Ha! So she is sweet and lovely!
She may help me again to regain
All the money I have lost
Through the bankruptcy of that wretch Jew Elias.
Then for Coppelius!
The double-dealing knave
May try to rob me of my ducats
Unless he waive
His right to keep the life he gave.
Hang the fellow!
Thank the Lord, he's away!
(Enter Hoffmann).
(To Hoffmann).
Ah! Good day!
Enter, pray!

HOFFMANN.
I fear I've come too early.

SPALANZANI.
Not at all. You're a pupil.

HOFFMANN.

Unworthy of his master.

SPALANZANI.

Far too modest, I declare.
If you'd cease to be a poet,
I am certain, yes, I know it,
You'd have quite a learned air!
You will soon see my daughter,
O, her smile is angelic!
Beauty means so much, my boy!
Olympia is a joy!

HOFFMANN *(Aside).*

I don't see what her beauty's
To do with his daughter!

SPALANZANI *(Calling)*

Hullo, there!
Cochenille!
Light up the candles, pray.

COCHENILLE.

And—the—champagne?

SPALANZANI.

Not yet. This way!
(To Hoffmann).
Your pardon, friend
I'll be back here soon!
(Exeunt Spalanzani and Cochenille).

RECITATIVE AND ROMANZA.

HOFFMANN.

Well, well! If I can pluck up courage
Very soon, a doctor, too, I'll be!
I'll have to do as fate decrees,
To win the maid for whom I'm burning,
I'll become a marvel of learning,
A savant, if you please!
She is there! If I dared!
(He gently raises the hanging of the door on the right).
She's coming!
Can she be sleeping!
She is charming!
Ah, were we one,
Whom nothing in the world could sever,
Till life itself were past!
One in love and in joy,
One forever in sorrow,
One in sorrow for aye!
Ah, if our happiness and woe could only last!
Could I thy soul refashion,
Fill it with amorous fire,
Ah, could I warm thee with passion,
I'd have my heart's desire!
O' sun divine,
Whose glamour and glow are a glory,
That thrills the soul with bliss!
Ineffable folly,
Mock on at melancholy,
Ah, mock at melancholy,
At melancholy,
And melt us with a kiss!
Could I thy soul refashion,
Fill it with amorous fire,
Ah, could I warm thee with passion,
I'd have my heart's desire!
Could I warm thee with passion,
I'd have my heart's desire!
(He lifts the hanging again).
(Nicklausse enters).

SCENE AND AIR.

NICKLAUSSE.

(Appearing).
By Jove! I had no doubt
That I would find you here!
And why? Because it is here
We may find Olympia!
Well, my dear boy, admire her!

HOFFMANN *(Letting the curtain fall suddenly).*

Hush!
She's an angel!
Yes, I adore her!

NICKLAUSSE.

I'd wait until I knew her more.

HOFFMANN.

The soul we love
May be easily fathomed.

NICKLAUSSE.

What! From a look, outside a window?

HOFFMANN.

But that look was enough
To fill the day with joy!

NICKLAUSSE.

Raving again!
Is she aware that you adore her?

HOFFMANN.

No.

NICKLAUSSE.

Let her know.

HOFFMANN.

I do not dare.

NICKLAUSSE.

What a lamb!
Speak to her!

HOFFMANN.

O, the danger's the same.

NICKLAUSSE.

Well, then, sing to the girl.
And you'll know where you are.

HOFFMANN

Signor Spalanzani is not in love with music.

NICKLAUSSE.

So they say
Yet his taste for women's very artistic!
Long, long ago, a doll I knew,
Fair was her hair, her eyes were blue.
A metal mocking-bird dwelt near her,
A mocking-bird dwelt near her.
In unison they'd often sing,
Till to ev'ry eye a tear they'd bring.
And conquer the heart of each hearer,
Of each hearer!

HOFFMANN

What then?
The meaning of your song?

NICKLAUSSE.

Ah! The mocking-bird was bright and gay,
He'd hop about the room and play,
And then he would roll over, over
Over! Over!
The doll would fill you with surprise,
She'd roll about her azure eyes,
She would sigh and she'd say "I love you,
I love you."

(Coppelius enters).

COPPELIUS *(Sotto voce).*

SCENE.

'Tis I, Coppelius!
Soft, I say! Let's be careful!

NICKLAUSSE *(Turning).*

Eh?

COPPELIUS *(Seeing Hoffmann).*

Who's he? Let us see.
What is this person watching?
(Peeping over Hoffmann's shoulder).
Our Olympia!
Bravo!

NICKLAUSSE *(Aside).*

Their Olympia?

COPPELIUS *(Raising his voice and addressing Hoffmann).*

Oh, you there!
You, young man!
Was that too low?
(Tapping Hoffmann on the shoulder).
Young man!
(Tapping harder).
Young man!

HOFFMANN *(Turning.)*

What now?

COPPELIUS.

I am known as Coppelius,
I'm a friend of Signor Spalanzani!
(Hoffmann bows).
Barometers I deal in,
And thermometers,
All at bargain prices, too, if cash you pay.
I'd like to sell you some to-day.
(He empties a bag full of eyeglasses, spectacles and opera glasses).
These glasses make an object seem
As black as night
Or whiter than the lily,
And pure as snow.
Cast a shade, cast a shade,
Or a glow,
They dim the eyesight
Or make all things seem bright.

SONG.

HOFFMANN

Can it be?

COPPELIUS.

You'll see.

HOFFMANN

There.

COPPELIUS.

Ducats three.

HOFFMANN *(Lifting curtain and looking).*

Heav'n of light! God above!
How enchanting and bright
Is she I love.

COPPELIUS.

Give me three!

HOFFMANN

Dear Saint, for thee I'd die!

COPPELIUS.

Give me three!
(Nicklausse goes to Coppelius and gives him the three ducats).

HOFFMANN

Why, O why wouldst deny me thy beauty,
Love and joy why deny?

SPALANZANI *(Rubbing his hands as he enters and then seeing Coppelius).*

What, you?

COPPELIUS.

O, dear Master!

SPALANZANI.

But was it not quite understood?

COPPELIUS.

'Twasn't signed!

SPALANZANI.

But——

COPPELIUS.

You're dreaming!
You'll soon be richer that you know,
But your fortune I'll share.

SPALANZANI.

But surely I'm the father of Olympia?

COPPELIUS.

Not so, she has my eyes.

SPALANZANI.

Speak low, speak low, speak low!
(Aside).
Her eyes! Well he knows
That his secret still is hid!
But I'll bargain, Ay!
(To Coppelius).
Would five hundred ducats more content you?
Will you sell her to me in writing,
Her eyes as well as all her lovely person?
If you will, here's a draft on Elias, the Jew!

COPPELIUS.

On Elias?
Nothing could be safer.

HOFFMANN *(Aide to Nicklausse).*

COPPELIUS.

What on earth can they both be doing?

COPPELIUS.

Well, well, agreed!
(He writes on tablet).
(Coppelius and Spalanzani exchange documents).

SPALANZANI.

Giving's taking!
(They embrace).

COPPELIUS and SPALANZANI *(Together).*

My worthy friend!

SPALANZANI *(Aside).*

And now, my man,
Get it cashed if you can!

COPPELIUS.

Apropos, an idea!
Why not wed Olympia?
(He points to Hoffmann).
That silly fool over there
Is deep in love and finds her fair.
(They embrace again).

COPPELIUS and SPALANZANI *(Together).*

My worthy friend!
(Coppelius moves to door).

COPPELIUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

SPALANZINA *(To Hoffmann).*

Ah, what beauty, my boy!

HOFFMANN *(Disconcerted and aside).*

Oh, it seems an obsession!

COCHENILLE *(Appearing at back).*

Signor, all your guests, all your honored guests are coming!
(Enter Guests).

CHORUS SCENE AND SONG.

MINUET.

Where in the world
Could you see,
Where could you see
Greater hospitality, propriety!
Look where you may
All is pretty,
O, all is pretty,
All around is beauty,
All is harmony.
Oh, Signor Spalanzani,
Present your dear, darling daughter.
All agree
She's fair to see,
She's gentle and free
From fancies.
We'll seek her society.
But first we will do our dances.
Where in the world
Could you see,
Greater hospitality?
Look where you may,
All is pretty,
Yes, all is pretty
All around is beauty,
All is harmony.

SPALANZANI.

You'll soon be satisfied my friends.
A moment, pray!

(He signals Cochenille to follow him. Both go out. The guests walk around the room in groups, admiring Spalanzani's taste).

NICKLAUSSE *(Joining Hoffmann).*

So now at last we'll see
This wondrous beauty clearly,
This marvel whom you love so dearly.

HOFFMANN

Be silent!
She is here!

(Spalanzani re-enters, escorting Olympia and followed by Cochenille, all seem curious).

SPALANZANI.

Fair ladies and good sirs,
Let me present to you my dear Olympia!

GUESTS.

She's charming! She's charming!

SPALANZANI *(With emphasis).*

She has most lovely eyes.

SPALANZANI and GUESTS.

Her figure's quite bewitching,
Her taste in dress is fetching,
She has a winning air,
She has most lovely eyes.
Her figure's quite bewitching,
Her taste in dress is fetching:
You won't deny she's fair.

HOFFMANN *(Admiring Olympia).*

Ah! Who would not adore her!

NICKLAUSSE.

Incomparable! Charming!

SPALANZANI *(To Olympia).*

You'd make a pretty pair!
She has a winning air!

GUESTS.

She has most lovely eyes,
Her figure's quite bewitching,
Her costuming is fetching,
She's really very fair.
Indeed, indeed, she's very fair!
Indeed, indeed, she's very fair!
O, she is fair!
She's very fair!
She's very fair!
She seems most fair!
Most fair!

SPALANZANI.

Dear ladies and kind sirs,
Proud of all your applause
And desirous, as she should be,
More to obtain with good cause,
My daughter, wishing to humor
The friends whom she prizes,
Will, if you please——

NICKLAUSSE.

Pass on to some more exercises!

SPALANZANI.

With her beautiful voice
She will sing you an air,
Like a star,
Accompanied by the guitar,
Or the harp, at your own choice.

COCHENILLE *(From back of stage, in falsetto voice).*

The harp, sir!

BASS VOICE *(Heard in wings)*

The harp, sir!

SPALANZANI.

'Tis well!
Cochenille!
Bring her without delay
The harp, I pray.
The harp my daughter plays on.

HOFFMANN *(Aside).*

At last I'll hear her, O joy!

NICKLAUSSE *(Aside).*

Infatuated boy!

SPALANZANI *(To Olympia).*

Olympia, you need not fear them my dear.

(He touches her on the shoulder).

OLYMPIA.

Ah! Ah!

COCHENILLE *(Re-entering with harp).*

There you are!

SPALANZANI *(Sitting near Olympia with harp).*

Good sirs, and now you'll hear!

COCHENILLE.

Now, now, you will hear.

GUESTS.

Ah, now we'll hear!

OLYMPIA *(To Spalanzani's harp accompaniment).*

SONG.

All.. the.. birds.. above.. a-winging,
In.. the skies.. the orb.. of day,
All.. un.. to.. the.. maid.. are.. singing
Of love!

Ah, they're telling of love! Ah!
So now you have heard the ballad,
The song of Olympia, Olympia!
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
(Cochenille touches Olympia's shoulder. Clock work is heard).
So now you have heard the ballad,
The song of Olympia! Olympia!
Ah! Ah! Ah!

GUESTS *(With Olympia).*
'Tis the song of Olympia;
The song of Olympia!
It is the song of Olympia!
Everything that's sighing, sobbing,
All that coos as coos the dove,
From her tender heart is robbing
Her love!
Ah! Ah! 'Tis telling of love!
So now you have heard the ballad,
The song of Olympia! Olympia!
Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

HOFFMANN
Ah, my good friend! What a voice!

NICKLAUSSE.
How she warbles! How she warbles!
(Meanwhile Cochenille has removed the harp and everyone has clustered about Olympia, who thanks them alternately with her right and her left hand. Hoffmann gazes at her estatically. A lackey enters and says a few words to Spalanzani).

SPALANZANI.
And now, good sirs.
Bring in the ladies!
'Tis high time that we supped.

GUESTS.
Let us sup! Let us sup! Let us sup! Don't delay.

SPALANZANI.
Unless you all would rather enjoy a dance?

GUESTS.
No! No! We'd rather go to supper!
And then we'll have a dance.
We'll have a dance.

SPALANZANI.
Why, then, as you will.

HOFFMANN *(Approaching Olympia)*
Dare I venture?

SPALANZANI *(Intervening).*
She is rather weary, wait until the ball.
(He touches Olympia's shoulder).
Ah! Ah!
There, you see!
For the nonce, will you not accord me the favor
Of keeping company with my Olympia?

HOFFMANN
O, what joy!

SPALANZANI *(Aside).*
Now we'll see what he will say and do!

NICKLAUSSE *(To Spalanzani).*
But will she not sup, too?

SPALANZANI.
No.

NICKLAUSSE.
Ah, she's ethereal!
(Spalanzani moves behind Olympia. Again one hears the sound of clockwork being wound up. Nicklausse turns).
What's that?

SPALANZANI.
Nay. She is charming, yes, my friend, but material!
(He leads Olympia to an arm chair, and helps her sit. Then exit with his guests).

COCHENILLE.
Supper's served, sir,
Will you come in?

GUESTS.
Supper waits,
Let us go, let us go!
Where in the world
Could you see,
Where could you see
Greater hospitality?
Propriety?
Where in the world
Could you see,
Where could you see,
Greater hospitality?

ROMANZA.

HOFFMANN
At last they've left us here alone!
I breathe more freely!
Here! Here! Alone!
Now I can own
I love her dearly!
O, my Olympia,

Do but let me adore!
Let me assure thee, dear!
None could e'er love thee more!
(He touches her shoulder).

OLYMPIA.

Ah! Ah!

HOFFMANN

Can this be a dream?
Is it true or idle folly?
Methought I heard a sigh
Betray thy melancholy.
(He touches her again).

OLYMPIA.

Ah! Ah!

HOFFMANN

So 'twas true!
Thy love is clear as day!
Thou'rt mine at last!
Our hearts are united for aye!
Ah! Dost thou understand
All the joy everlasting
Of hearts that beat as one!
We'll love and dream together
Ah, together for aye till we die one course we'll run!
Now thy soul I'll refashion,
And fill with an amorous fire,
Ah! Now I'll warm thee with passion
I'll have my heart's desire!
Now I'll warm thee with passion,
I'll have my heart's desire.
(He presses Olympia's hand passionately. She rises, as if moved by a spring).

HOFFMANN *(Watching Olympia's movements).*

Would'st thou flee?
What have I done?
Thou dost not answer me.
Answer! I've angered thee?
Ah! Where thou art, I'll be!
(As he is about to follow Olympia, Nicklausse appears).

NICKLAUSSE *(To Hoffmann).*

'Pon my word! You're over excited.
You'd have us get drunk all alone?

HOFFMANN *(Ecstatically).*

Nicklausse, I'm beloved, I'm happy!
Beloved! God above!

NICKLAUSSE.

O good Lord! Did you but know
What they say of your beauty....

HOFFMANN

What are they saying? Speak!

NICKLAUSSE.

That she's dead....

HOFFMANN

Great Heaven!

NICKLAUSSE.

If she was ever living!——

HOFFMANN *(Excitedly).*

Nicklausse, I'm beloved, I tell you!
Beloved! God above!
(He rushes out—Nicklausse follows him).
(Coppelius enters, furious, by the small door on the left).
The rogue! The rogue! Oh, he's undone me.
The Jew Elias is a bankrupt!
O, I'll make the rogue rue
All the wrong he has wrought!
He'll get his due!
I'm bought!
And sold!
Oh, I could kill the rogue!

SPALANZANI.

The dancers are near!

COCHENILLE.

The music, ah....how appealing!

HOFFMANN *(To Olympia).*

'Tis the waltz, over our sense is stealing!

SPALANZANI *(To Olympia).*

Take the gentleman's hand, O my dear,
D' you hear?

OLYMPIA.

Hee! Hee!
(Hoffmann and Olympia waltz, and go off into the corridor when the chorus stops).

GUESTS.

Ah, she is dancing,
O, she's entrancing!
Lissom and bright,
A wondrous sight!
Lightest of lasses,
See how she passes,
Cleaving the air,
Without a care.
Ah, she is dancing,
O, she's entrancing,

Lissom and bright,
A wondrous sight!
Lightest of lasses,
Lo, she passes,
She cleaves the air,
Without a care!

HOFFMANN *(In the wings).*
Olympia!

SPALANZANI.
Stop them, they're crazy!
Stop them, they're crazy!

GUESTS.
Which of us their dancing could stay!

NICKLAUSSE.
(As Hoffmann and Olympia re-appear, dancing faster than ever).
He is losing his head, he's crazy!
(He rushes to stop them).
Ten thousand devils!
(As he tries to check them, he is violently pushed aside, and after spinning round and round, sinks on to an arm chair).

GUESTS.
Ha, ha, ha!

SPALANZANI *(Rushing toward Hoffmann and Olympia).*
Stop, I say!
(Spalanzani touches Olympia on the shoulder. She stops suddenly. Hoffmann falls exhausted on a sofa).
Stop, I say!
Do as I say,
My daughter!
(He touches Olympia, who turns to the right).

OLYMPIA.
Hey!

SPALANZANI.
Rest for a while, I pray.
Do as I say,
My daughter!
Now, Cochenille, take her away!

COCHENILLE.
Come away! Come away! Pray!

OLYMPIA.
Hey!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

GUESTS.
See how she does
What's taught her!
Ah, what a dear, good daughter!
O, really she is fair,
Yes, she is fair,
She is most fair!
(Olympia goes out at right, followed by Cochenille).
Yes, she is most fair,
She is most fair!

NICKLAUSSE *(Sadly, as he watches Hoffmann).*
Is he dead?

SPALANZANI *(Examining Hoffmann)*
No, don't worry,
Only his glass is smashed to bits.
Soon he'll come to his wits.

GUESTS.
O, the poor fellow!
O, we're so sorry.

NICKLAUSSE.
He has come to his wits.

GUESTS.
O, the poor fellow,
O, we're so sorry!
O, we're so sorry!

COCHENILLE *(In wings).*
Ah!

SPALANZANI.
What?

COCHENILLE *(Re-entering in consternation).*
Look at the peddler there!

SPALANZANI.
Merciful heaven! Olympia!

HOFFMANN
Olympia!
(Spalanzani is about to rush out of the room, when the sound of breaking clock-work is heard in the wings).

SPALANZANI.
Ah, heaven and earth! She's cracked to bits!

HOFFMANN *(Rising and disappearing in the wings).*
She's cracked?

COPPELIUS *(Laughing as he enters).*
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! She's smashed to bits!
(Spalanzani and Coppelius seize one another by the throat).

SPALANZANI.
You dog!

COPPELIUS.
You rogue!

SPALANZANI.

You wretch!

COPPELIUS.

You thief!

SPALANZANI.

You runt!

COPPELIUS.

You rascal!

HOFFMANN *(Re-entering, pale and horrified and sinking into an arm chair, amid general laughter, while Nicklausse tries to calm him).*

A clock-work doll! A mere automaton!

GUESTS.

Ha, ha, ha, the bomb is bursting,
For a doll his heart was thirsting!

NICKLAUSSE

A clock-work doll!

HOFFMANN.

A clock-work doll!

COPPELIUS.

Ha, ha, ha, smashed to bits!

SPALANZANI.

The dog!

COPPELIUS.

The wretch! The rogue!

SPALANZANI.

The rogue!

GUESTS.

A clock-work doll, sirs!

SPALANZANI.

The runt!

COPPELIUS.

The rascal! The hound!

SPALANZANI.

The runt!

GUESTS.

A clock-work doll!

SPALANZANI.

The rogue!

COPPELIUS.

The wretch!

GUESTS.

A clock-work doll, sirs!

SPALANZANI.

The runt!

COPPELIUS.

The dog!

SPALANZANI.

The wretch!

COPPELIUS.

The rascal!

SPALANZANI.

Assassin! Murderer!

COPPELIUS.

Murderer!

GUESTS.

Ah, ah, ah, the bomb is bursting!
For a doll his soul was thirsting, etc.

SPALANZANI *(In despair).*

My doll, my darling!

COCHENILLE.

Poor clock-work doll!
The bomb is bursting,
A clock-work doll, sirs!
It's smashed all to bits!

COPPELIUS.

Ha, ha! Its smashed, it's smashed to bits!
Poor clock-work doll, it's smashed to bits,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Now it's smashed to bits,
It's smashed to bits!

SPALANZANI.

Ah, heaven and earth!
My poor, darling doll, smashed to bits.
It's smashed to bits!

COPPELIUS.

The dog! The rogue!

SPALANZANI.

The rogue!
The runt, the rogue, the runt!
The runt! Poor clock-work doll!
My poor clock-work doll,
My poor clock-work darling!

COCHENILLE.

For a doll his heart was thirsting!
Poor clock-work darling!

COPPELIUS.

The rogue!
The dog! The rogue!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Poor clock-work darling!

GUESTS.

For a doll his heart was thirsting!
Poor clock-work darling!

CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE

INTERMEZZO.

(The stage is veiled by clouds during the orchestra interlude. The curtain again rises. The tavern is seen again as in Act One.

SCENE.

HOFFMANN.

And now you have heard the story
Of all my loves.
Graven in my heart they will stay
Hidden now for aye!

CHORUS.

Bravo, bravo, Hoffman, bravo!

HOFFMANN.

Ah, I am mad!
Let's seek joy and comfort divine!
Let us drink down our beer,
Let us revel in wine!
We'll drown our sorrow and melancholy,
To oblivion we'll go for bliss!
O, fair Olympia, thou 'rt broken!
Antonia—dead!
Giulietta? Ah, for her, and in her honor,
We'll sing of old Kleinzach!
For a Phryne fair his foolish heart did rack!
His foolish heart did rack!

STUDENTS.

His foolish heart did rack!

HOFFMANN.

To kill his care he drank and drank cognac!
So now I trow this jumping-jack
Has a load on his back,
And goes so—click, clack!
So now you know Kleinzach!
Click, Clack!
Adieu Kleinzach!

STUDENTS.

Click, Clack! Click, Clack
Kleinzach!
Fill up, fill up the glass!
We'll drink and clink
We'll drink, we will clink
Till daylight doth appear.
We'll clink and drink
Till the day is here.
Till day is here.
Fill up, fill up the glass
With wine and beer!

(The students move noisily into the adjoining room. Hoffmann stays where he is without moving).

NICKLAUSSE *(To Hoffmann).*

Well, well, Hoffmann?

(Hoffmann does not answer and seems brooding).

WILHELM *(Dragging Nicklausse away and pointing to Hoffmann).*

He is completely drunk!

CURTAIN.

END OF OPERA

Barcarolle.

Belle Nuit. O Shining Night.

"From the Opera THE TALES OF HOFFMANN."

Lyric by
CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Music by
JACQUES OFFENBACH

Moderato.
SOPRANO or MEZZO SOPR. *(Juliette.)*

ALTO. *(Nicklausse.)*

p

Bel - le nuit, ô nuit d'a - mour, Sou-
Shi - ning night, o night of love, Thy

Moderato.

pp

ris - à nos i - vres - ses! Nuit plus dou - ce que le jour, Ô be - le nuit d'a-
beam-ing beau - ty bless - es! Light of night, that shines a - bove, O shi - ning night of

p

Le temps fuit et sans re-tour Em - por - te nos ten - dres - ses,
Time runs on and comes no more, It goes with our ca - ress - es,

mour! Le temps fuit et sans re-tour Em - por - te nos ten - dres - ses,
love. Time runs on and comes no more, It goes with our ca - ress - es,

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Loin de cet heu-reux sé-jour Le temps fuit sans re - tour. Zé - phirs em - bra-
Far from this be - guil - ing shore, It goes and comes no more! O breez-es as ye

Loin de cet heu-reux sé-jour Le temps fuit sans re - tour. Zé-
Far from this be - guil - ing shore, It goes and comes no more! O

sés, Ver-sez-nous vos ca - res - ses. Zé - phirs em - bra - sés,
play, Blow a - way our dis - tress - es, O breez - es as ye play,

phirs em - bra - sés, Ver - sez - nous Ver - sez - nous vos ca-
breez - es ás ye play, blow a - way Be - guile us with ca-

Don-nez-nous vos bai - sers, vos bai - sers, vos bai-
Waft our sor-row a - way! as ye play! As ye

res - ses, vos bai - sers! Ver - sez - nous, Ver - sez - nous vos bai-
ress - es, as ye play! Blow a - way, Blow our sor - row a-

sers! Ah! Bel - le nuit, ô nuit d'a-mour, Sou - ris à nos i -
play. Ah! Shi - ning night, o night of love, Thy beam - ing beau - ty

sers! Ah! Bel - le nuit, ô nuit d'a-mour, Sou - ris à nos i -
way! Ah! Shi - ning night, o night of love, Thy beam - ing beau - ty

vres - ses! Nuit plus dou - ce que le jour, Ô bel - le nuit d'a - mour!
bless - es; Light of night that beams a - bove, O shi - ning night of love!

vres - ses! Nuit plus dou - ce que le jour, Ô bel - le nuit d'a - mour!
bless - es; Light of night that beams a - bove, O shi - ning night of love!

Ah! Sou - ris à nos i - vres - - - ses! Nuit d'a-
Ah! Smile on all our ca - res - - - ses! Night of

Ô bel - le nuit d'a - mour!
Night of light and of love!

Sou - ris à nos i - vres - ses!
Smile on all our ca - res - ses!

pp

mour! ô nuit d'a mour! Ah! ah! ah!
love! O, night of love! Ah! ah! ah!

Ô bel - le nuit d'a mour! Ah!
O shi - ning night of love! Ah!

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp

ah! ah! ah! ah!
ah! ah! ah! ah!

ppp

ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

ppp dim.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ah!
ah!

ah!
ah!

ppp

Ped. *

Doll Song

From the Opera "THE TALES OF HOFFMANN."

Translation by
CHARLES HENRY MELTZER.

Music by
JACQUES OFFENBACH.

Moderato.

p

1. Les oi-seaux dans la char-mil - - - - -
All the birds a-bove a-wing - - - - -
2. Tout ce qui chante et ré-son - - - - -
Ev'-ry-thing that's sigh-ing, sob - - - - -

le Dans les cieux l'as-tre du jour, —
ing, In the skies the orb of day, —
ne, Et son pl-re tour à tour, —
bing, All that coos, as coos, the dove, —

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Tout parle à la jeu - ne fil - le, Tout parle
All un - to the maid are sing - ing, All un
É - meut son cœur qui fris - son - ne, É - meut
From her ten - der heart is rob - bing, From her

f

à la jeu - ne fil - le d'a - mour
to the maid are sing - ing of love
son cœur qui fris son - ne d'a - mour!
ten - der heart is rob - bing her love!

f

Ah! tout par - le d'a-
Ah! they're tell - ing of
Ah! tout par le d'a-
Ah! Tis tell - ing of

p

suivez

a tempo. *rit.*

mour! Ah! voi - là la chan - son gen - til - - - - - - le, La
love! Ah! so now you have heard the bal - - - - - - lad, the
mour! Ah! Voi - là la chan - son mi - gnon - - - - - - ne, La
love! Ah! So now you have heard the bal - - - - - - lad, the

a tempo.

a tempo

chan - son d'O - lym - pi - a, d'O - lym - pi -
song of O - lym - pi - a, O - lym - pi -
chan - son d'O - lym - pi - a, d'O - lym - pi -
song of O - lym - pi - a, O - lym - pi -

a tempo.

a! Ah! ah!
a! Ah! ah!
a! - Ah! ah!
a! Ah! ah!

f *p*

f *p* *f* *rall.* *p*

Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah! ah!

f *p* *f* *p*

rit. *dim* *pp*

ah! Voi -
ah! So
ah! Voi -
ah! So

là la chan-son gen til - - - - - - le La chan-son d'O-lym-pi-
now you have heard the bal - - - - - - lad, the song of O-lym-pi-
là la chan-son mi-gnon - - - - - - ne, La chan-son d'O-lym-pi-
now you have heard the bal - - - - - - lad, the song of O-lym-pi-

f

a, d'O-lym-pi-a! Ah! ah! ah!
a, O-lym-pi-a! Ah! ah! ah!
a, d'O-lym-pi-a! Ah! ah! ah!
a, O-lym-pi-a! Ah! ah! ah!

f *ff*

ah! ah!
ah! ah!
ah! ah!
ah! ah!

f *f*

Ped. *

p

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